[Some material on traditional history will be found in category 539, pp. 356-80.]

1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928

NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14

Havasupai

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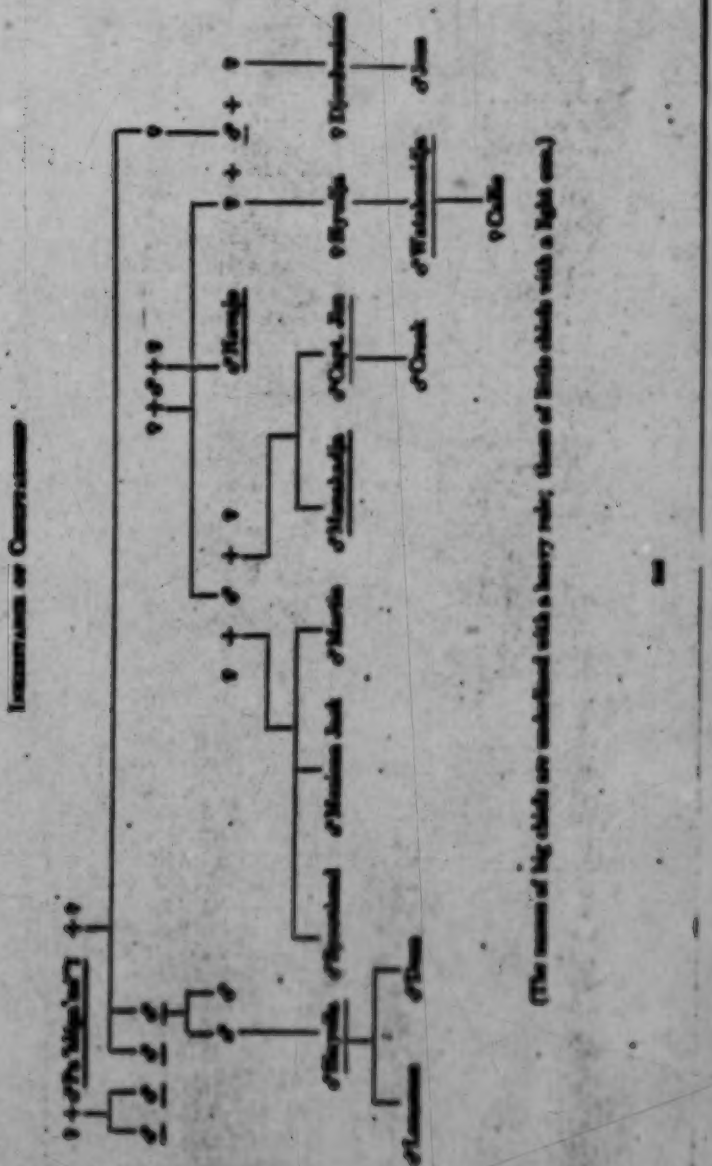
Intermarriage or Connections
(The names of big clubs are underlined with a heavy rule; those of little clubs with a light one.)

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Talking Stones

An evening with an old storyteller sitting by his outdoor fire, pipe in hand, means a tale worth remembering. In this setting, the old man passed on to the children the legends of the tribe's wanderings. Of course each narrator spiced his tale with a little of himself, his imagination, his whimsy or his logic. But the theme never varied: always the gods led the Havasupai. When memory grew dim, these storytellers need only tread again an ancient trail, peer into a long-abandoned cave, or read the messages on boulders and stone walls to recapture the story's flavor and sequence of events. Of these legends, one, at least, certainly had the ring of truth.

Evidence other than Indian lore indicates that, generations back, the Havasupai lived in the region of the Little Colorado River. They may have settled there after the god Tochopa, on account of the crowded conditions in Mattawodita Canyon, dispersed the tribes. However, this new location again placed the tribe within raiding distance of the savage Whajes (Apache), who relentlessly drove them from their cliff dwellings and gardens to wander in an unfriendly wilderness. The tribe crossed the desert to the San Francisco Mountains, but even here they could not live in peace, so again took the westward trail, seeking the home to which their gods would lead them. A canyon cut across their path. They worked their way down its rugged walls to the floor—an oasis of greenery cut by a rollicking stream of blue water.

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Cliff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 MT14 Plateau Tumum MT14
Havasupai

173 Desert weary, they tarried by the stream, reluctant to leave a spot that had everything they so much desired, but their gods had not yet spoken. Discouraged, they began the long climb up to the plateau and westward. A child cried. The procession halted and the child's voice was stilled. Each effort to resume the journey brought that cry of protest. The wise men quickly issued their edict: "The gods speak to us through the voice of the child; this is the home to which they have led us."

Joyously the people unpacked their loads and began building houses and making gardens.

173 Handed down through many generations, this old tale expresses 77b the Indians' desire to lay in the laps of the gods every problem that affects their lives. On the canyon rim overlooking a wide section of the floor, they found the god-spirit in two gigantic pillars of stone. So they built their houses on either side of the stream of blue water where the gods could watch over them night and day.

133 The Indians' accounts of the god-spirit residing in the two stones turned our attention to the walls of the gorge. Miss Goenawein, the only old-timer employed at the school, had visited every point of interest within walking distance, so she acted as guide.

From the Indians she had learned of the Black Man. After Sunday school she took Frances and me to a side canyon where we gazed up at the shiny, black form of a giant stone man, lying prone as if he had dropped down and fallen asleep. We stood in the hot sun, trying to discover what force had caught and held the black mineral while the red sandstone built its layers around it. Doubtless the old men had a tale about this phenomenon, had we asked them. But in the discomfort of the intense heat and the sunlight striking our faces as we gazed upward, our interest in the Black Man quickly vanished. So we wandered over to examine some pictographs on a boulder, beautiful primitive art that could hold one entranced indefinitely.

212 The boulder stood in the center of the canyon; the base, worn away on one side, left a projecting ledge some four feet above the ground. Stooping low, we crawled under the ledge, straining for

S.James T-8 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Tumans NT14
Havasupai

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From leading Havasupais I learn that many years ago the various tribes of this region were at war one with another, until finally a treaty of peace was entered into and boundaries defined. The Paiutis were to remain in Nevada and Utah and not cross the Colorado River, the Wallapais had their region to the west of Havasu Canyon, the Mohaves, Hopis, Pimas, Apaches, Navahoes, Chimehuevis, and the rest their prescribed limits, over which they were not to go without permission from the chiefs into whose territory they wished to pass. And, generally speaking, this treaty has been observed.

Of the exquisitely beautiful waterfalls that give the commonly accepted name to Havasu Canyon, viz., Cataract Canyon, I have not space here to treat. I have already somewhat fully described them in my book on the Grand Canyon.

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

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until when they came to the hilltop looking down to the Little Colorado River, he said: 'I cannot go any farther. I am going to lie down here and go to sleep.' So they both went to sleep, and when they woke up the big brother said: 'Where you go? You no walk long way. You heap tired.'

"And the little brother answered: 'I no like go farther. I go back Havasu. I catch 'em water there.'

"'All right!' replied the big brother, 'I no like Havasu. I go hunt water and plant corn and watermelons and sunflowers. You go back to Havasu.'

"And he gave him a little bit of corn, and that explains why the Havasupais can grow only a small amount of corn in their canyon, though it is exceedingly sweet and delicious.

"But the big brother went on and found the places now occupied by the Hopi, and he settled there. And as he had taken lots of corn with him and he planted it, that explains" (to the Havasupai mind) "why the Hopi has so much corn.

"And the smaller brother found water when he got back to Havasu, and he planted his corn, and cared for it, and went and hunted and caught the deer and made buckskin. Then he found a squaw who made baskets, and helped him make mescal, and they stopped there all the time.

"The Hopi brother learned to make blankets, but no buckskin, so when he wants buckskin he has to come to his smaller brother in Havasu Canyon."

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In the early days the Havasupais were undoubtedly cliff-dwellers, for in a score or more places in their canyons are houses in the cliffs — some of them inacces-

sible — which their traditions say were once occupied by certain families, the names of which are still remembered. All throughout the Grand Canyon region, too, from the Little Colorado River to Havasu Canyon, their cliff-dwellings, and smaller cliff "corn-houses" and mescal pits, are to be found. Indeed, the Havasupais built all the trails that are now being claimed as the work of white men into the heart of the Grand Canyon. The Tanner-French trail, the Red Canyon trail, the old Hance trail, the Grand View, Bright Angel, and Mystic Spring trails, are all old Indian trails. Not only are the cliff-dwellings and mescal pits proof of this, but the Havasupais can tell the families to whom they originally belonged and to whom the rights in them have descended. These rights they rigidly adhere to. It is the white man who knows no law as far as the Indian is concerned, and little by little the aborigine has lost springs, water-pockets, and trails, and is regarded and treated as an unwelcome visitor.

By this it must not be inferred that the Indians built the trails as white men build. In the main their trails were rude paths such as the mountain sheep might make, but in every case they had one of these rude pathways down into the canyon somewhere near to where the modern trails are now located. At the Bright Angel this path was changed when white engineers took hold of it, and at Mystic Spring Mr. Bass had built an entirely new trail, down a different slope, long before he discovered the Indian trail. Both unite near two great natural rock-cisterns, and then deviate below, the Indian trail zigzagging to the left, while Mr. Bass engineered a new trail of easy grade on the talus to the right.

Some of the Havasupais are returning to the cliff-

[P.538A]

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131 Sierra Mogollon to the San Francisco mts. and along the valley of the Colorado Chiquito. The tribe is a peculiarly interesting one, since of all the Yuman
● 173 tribes it is the only one which has developed or borrowed a culture similar to, though less advanced, than that of the Pueblo peoples; indeed, according to tradition, the Havasupai (or more probably a Pueblo clan or tribe that became incorporated with them) formerly built and occupied villages of a permanent character on the Colorado Chiquito n. of the San Francisco mts., where ruins were pointed out to Powell by a Havasupai chief as the former homes of his people. As the result of war with tribes farther n., they abandoned these villages and took refuge in the San Francisco mts., subsequently leaving these for their present abode. In this connection it is of interest to note that the Cosnino caves on
[172] the upper Rio Verde, near the n. edge of Tonto basin, central Arizona, were named from this tribe, because of their supposed early occupancy by them. Their present
361 village, composed of temporary cabins or
342 shelters of wattled canes and branches and earth in summer, and of the natural
131 caves and crevices in winter, is situated 115 m. n. of Prescott and 7 m. s. of the Grand canyon. The Havasupai
142 are well formed, though of medium stature. They are skilled in the manufacture and use of implements, and
105 especially in preparing raw material, li e buckskin. The men are expert hunters, the women adept in the manufacture of baskets which, when lined with clay, serve also as cooking utensils. Like the other Yuman tribes, until affected by white influences during recent years, their clothing consisted chiefly of deerskin and, for the sake of ornament, both men and women painted their faces with thick, smooth coatings of fine red ocher or blue paint prepared from wild indigo; tattooing and scarification for ornament were also sometimes practised. In summer they subsist chiefly on corn, calabashes, sunflower seeds, melons, peaches, and apricots, which they cultivate by means of irrigation, and also the wild datils and mescal, in winter principally upon the flesh of game, which they hunt in the surrounding uplands and mountains. While a strictly sedentary people, they are unskilled in the manufacture of earthenware and obtain their more modern implements and utensils, except basketry, by barter with the Hopi, with which people they seem always to have had closer affiliation than with their Yuman kindred. Their weapons in war and the chase were rude clubs and pikes of hard wood, bows and arrows, and, formerly, slings; but fire-arms have practically replaced these more

11: Shufeldt D-4 (no date) 1892
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE HAVESU-PAI INDIANS.

BY
R. W. SHUFELDT, M. D.

(With Plates XXV, XXVI.)

Several years ago when the writer had the opportunity of studying some of the tribes of our Indians in the southwest, especially those found in northwestern New Mexico and over the adjacent boundary of Arizona, he met with Mr. Benj. Wittick, formerly a photographer in the employ of the U. S. Geological Survey, who was making a collection of photographs of the Indians of that region. He had visited that least known tribe of Arizona Indians, the Havesu-pai, of the so-called Su-pai Cañon, and had obtained some excellent pictures of them. I was so fortunate as to secure prints of Mr. Wittick's photographs of that race. As we have no good illustrations of those people that I am aware of, it is hoped that the two plates we are enabled to reproduce here of them will be found useful to the anthropologist.

In every sense of the word the Havesu-pais are a dying race. There is but a remnant of them now in existence, I have heard it said, less than two hundred. They exist in one of the grandest cañons in all Arizona, living in their primitive lodges along the bank of the stream that passes through it. Upon looking up such matter as had been written upon this departing tribe of Indians, I found it to be exceeding meager; indeed there is little or nothing known about them. From the very inaccessible place of their abode they have been very rarely seen, and only on few occasions by scientific men. Mr. Albert S. Gatschet of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution confirmed this opinion, and said that these Indians were known in former times by the name of "Koxoninos," or "Cochnichnos," but that they were the "Coninos" of the Moquis of Arizona. Properly they should be known by the name that the Yumas call them, that is the Havesu-pai, or Avésu-pai, meaning the "down below people, or a tribe or race that live down in the cañon." "Páya, pái," being "all, people." They themselves claim to be descended from the Wolapai.

In Vol. III of the Pacific Railroad Reports, Whipple barely alludes to them. On page 80 of that work he states that "upon old Spanish

1:Spier E-5 (1929-1932) 1933 NT15 River Yumans NT15
Maricopa
Halchidhoma
Plateau Yumans NT14
Yavapai

they feared it would cripple the eater. The enemy were believed "diseased": scalps, captives, and those who had taken or slain an [783] enemy, all had to undergo a lengthy purification.

Two accounts of the practice which may refer to the same case were obtained from Kutox. Once before he was born some Halchidhoma from the Maricopa Wells district were on their way to the Kaveltcadom at Gila Bend. (This places the incident between 1835 and 1845.) Just west of the Sierra Estrella they were surrounded by Yavapai and Apache, who killed all twenty, carrying off a woman and her child. They took them northward to the mountains, where they cooked and ate the child. Kutox has seen the place. All their allies were invited to this. In the early evening they made the woman and the little girl dance. They then dug a long pit in which they burned logs until reduced to coals, on which they roasted a deer. They dragged the screaming girl away from her mother, and held her down on the coals until she died. Then each ate a piece of deer flesh and that of the girl. The woman later escaped and returned home.

Four women went to gather mesquite. One, who was somewhat apart from the others, had a girl of seven with her. The Yavapai caught these two and hurried them off to the mountains. They called all men and women together and danced beside a big fire. When the fire had burned down, they threw the little girl on the ashes and roasted her alive. The woman lived with the Yavapai for some time before she had an opportunity to run away. She said they had forcibly made her eat part of the girl's flesh.

Shamans also accompanied war parties to heal the wounded. These were not general practitioners, but those who had the proper dreams for wounds (p. 287).

Those who were killed in enemy territory were cremated on the spot if possible. The pyre was quietly built at night and as soon as well ablaze they left the spot. No attempt was made to carry the ashes home.

On one occasion the Maricopa went to fight west of or below Fort McDowell. The war leader chose a number of men to accompany him. A scout sent forward was seen by the enemy. Almost caught, he abandoned his horse and fled to warn the approaching Maricopa. These returned south of the Salt River, where they camped. In the evening the leader spoke, expressing his disappointment that his plan had miscarried, but saying they would try again. He argued that since the Yavapai had taken the horse, they would feast on it through the night. Perhaps they could be attacked when they finally fell asleep. At midnight the Maricopa again moved close to the Yavapai encampment and sent a spy ahead. He found that the Yavapai had feasted on the horse and, near morning, reported them asleep. The Maricopa then attacked and killed all the enemy. Since this event the locality has been known as xukávi'k tatápoi'ic, "the returning and killing."

Kutox's account of his own experience about 1865 also illustrates the character of this fighting with the mountain tribes.

A hundred Pima and as many Maricopa were given guns by the soldiers and

1:Spier E-5 (1929-1932) 1933 NT15 River Yumans NT15
Maricopa
Cocopa
Plateau Yumans NT14
Yavapai

sent travelling over the mountains, but killed never an enemy. The Yavapai had come down and killed some whites and their mules, taken the harness and burned the wagons. The Pima-Maricopa went to Fort McDowell, where they stayed a year looking for Yavapai. They came over to Sacate near the Maricopa villages where they heard Yavapai were stealing horses.

They pursued the Yavapai. There were three of them, armed one with a gun, another a bow, the third a sword. Some followed their tracks directly northward toward the mountains. Others, a large number including the boy Kutox, circled to get ahead of them.

The three Yavapai walked along side by side. When someone rushed at them, they turned to face him and the one with the gun made as though to shoot. Those following came up with them first, but no one dared go close. They continued following. Toward morning the three came to where Kutox's party was. Kutox started toward them to see if he could not beat one down. The man with the gun was facing those following, so he thought he would chance it. But as he drew near, the bowman turned on him; so he retreated. The one with the sword disappeared; perhaps crawled under a bush. The man with the gun walked backward, holding off his pursuers, so they kept trying for the bowman. Kutox tried again. Just as he got close, someone at a distance shot the Yavapai. He tried to rise, but Kutox dismounted and hit him on the head with a stone, killing him. (Because of this Kutox would have had to undergo purification when he returned, so he gave the credit to the one who had shot the Yavapai, "rather than starve", he said.[48]) This was at early dawn.

They knew two had escaped, so they scattered to search. Kutox felt very sleepy. He came close to a giant cactus, which he mistook for an enemy. He was afraid, so he dismounted and ran away. This has always been told as a joke on him.

PURIFICATION

The theme that physical contact with the enemy was defiling threads through all the proceedings that follow on the return of the war party. The enemy, his scalp, his women and children who were made captives were all extremely dangerous. They were "diseased"; they brought sickness to such as touched them; they had potentialities for harm of a magical order. Once struck down, the very sight of the enemy must be hurriedly avoided. Even the mountains of his land, spiritually his in a literal sense, must no longer be looked on. This was clearly not for fear of the dead as such, for they had no comparable strong concern for their own dead, but because the enemy had maleficent powers on his side. All persons and things that had had intimate contact with him must undergo a stringent rite of purification (mata-

[48] Gifford recorded the same yielding of credit among the Cocopa. The one who took the credit had to undergo purification (Cocopa Ms).